For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To manage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?
Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.
Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,
I ne're might see before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,